

TIPPING IN EUROPE

Opinions Differ as to the Advantages of This Custom.

WHY IT EXISTS ON THE CONTINENT

It is Not Mainly Designed to Fleeced the American Tourist.

UNIVERSAL IN PARIS

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, October 1, 1896.

HERE IS ONE particular European custom to which traveling Americans

accustom themselves with difficulty and under protest. Tip-

pling, according to the average tourist, is the great European

microbe, and he sees its ravages every where around him.

By reason of brood-

ing over the subject some of our tourists come to the most

startling conclusions. For them the hotel

keepers of Europe and their employees are

banded in a vast conspiracy to fleece the

English-speaking guest. They pry into let-

ters and "shadow" new arrivals. They de-

mand commissions from tradesmen. They

mark trunks with mysterious signs. In

this way they soon know all about your

business, your fortune, your object in trav-

eling, what you are going to buy, how long

you are going to stay. To a tourist in this

desperate state of mind the tipping system

is merely an insolent claim on the part of

hotel people to make guests pay their serv-

ants' wages.

Another type of American traveler sees

things in a very different light. For him

everything European is new and delightful

and he never looks on tipping as a duty.

He tips for pleasure, tips early and

often. The waiters know him at a glance

and beam on him from his first entrance.

He sees in their delighted alacrily—which

is the reflex of his own—nothing but kind-

ness, goodness and friendliness—which is

the reflex of his own again.

Such a tourist, if he reflected on the mat-

ter, would reply to the grumbling despot

of fraud and corruption something as fol-

lows: "I find the regular hotel charges in

America considerably lower than at home in

America. By liberal tipping, which, I un-

derstand, is the custom of the country,

I obtain much better service than I ever get

at home. Look on the tipping as part of

the bill, and you will pay no more than if

the items were all lumped together as at

home."

Such a tourist does not protest indignantly

against candles, corkage, bed room and

all the other minute itemizing of the

European hotel bookkeeper. Accepting the

good things of Europe, he is not troubled

by bad things with them philosophically. Is

he swindled? Does he corrupt the em-

ployees of the hotel? For him the matter

is a question—a question for theoretical dis-

cussion only, however, for the facts are el-

equent.

Where the Responsibility Lies.

Undoubtedly tipping has gone very far in

Paris, but is it the famous American tour-

ist who is responsible? Not at all. Out-

side of the hotels he is a nullity, and in

them he is not the object of supreme im-

portance which he often takes himself to

be. Indeed, we Americans might be a trifle

more modest on this score. Undoubtedly

we are large consumers, but there are

vast numbers of cheap-trippers among us.

Tipping has gone very far in Paris, but it

is not a custom established solely for the

fleecing of Americans. Not one tourist in

twenty frequents the Paris theaters, yet

the theater-tipping is the most offensive

feature of the habits of the Parisian tour-

ist. The legal fare for the theater is

thirty cents for the trip. He tips the cab-

man five cents extra. He draws up to the

sidewalks hastens, unasked, to open

his cab door. The Parisian tips him two

cents, to get rid of him.

On the sidewalk he is met by the volun-

teer program seller. And then, inside, the

outrage claims him for her own. It is an

old lady dressed in black, an usher, and

what he calls her, but with other duties—and

privileges. Ordinarily she attends to the

vestibule, but there are many theaters with

separate cloak rooms, where the matter is

more complicated. For example, last week

I went to the Bouffes in company with an

American just from the States. The cloak-

room woman hailed us as we entered on the

ground floor. "It is here," she said. "This

is the place to put your coats and canes."

We gave them to her, paid our coats and

checks. Upstairs, on the first floor, the

outrage, before showing us to our re-

served seats, said, "You have no vesta re-

served. No, it is downstairs." "I hope," she

answered, then, "that you will not for-

get me." "Madame, I will give you no-

thing for that service." And my little

beneficence she sniffed, indignantly.

Sarah Bernhardt's Experience.

Sarah Bernhardt, several years ago, when

she assumed the proprietorship of the Ren-

naissance, attempted to abolish the outrage.

She installed uniformed ushers in the

American fashion, and put up notices that

no tips ought to be paid to them. And yet

the Paris public, in whose interest she had

made the innovation, rose against it and

cried: "Shame! Do you want to prevent a

few old ladies making their living? Do you

want to take the bread of their

mouths? There is a deal of social philoso-

phy in the remark."

The same American who was so astound-

ed at the impudence of the outrage at the

Bouffes, and who, as we have seen, re-

marked to me that evening, as we sat eat-

ing in the Boulevard, that "what as-

tonishes me in France is the delicate

freedom of the streets from loafers. Are

there no poor people?" he inquired, quite

puzzled at the fact that there are less poor

people because of tipping. The universal

Parisian congregate constitutes the best ex-

ample of the workings of this indirect por-

tration, by which the immense system, which

does not exist in France—is obviated in

a large degree. The American tourist comes in touch

with the congregate, but scarcely realizes

its importance in the social economy. The

three millions of natives in and around

Paris live neatly and economically in apart-

ments, under the "French flat system," as

we call it. Allowing an average of forty

persons to a house, there are 75,000 houses

in and about Paris. Each has its en-

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NAVY "LANDSMEN"

Recruits in Uncle Sam's Service and Their Experiences.

ON BOARD A RECEIVING SHIP

Then They Become Seamen and Perhaps Reach a Higher Rank.

POWER OF DISCIPLINE

A GOOD MANY

young men enter the United

States navy, either as

apprentices or lands-

men. The experiences of

the naval apprentices

may be said to be re-

lated with more or

less accuracy, but the

obscure lands-

men has been suffer-

ing to pursue his

boulder-strewn path

unnoticed and unsung.

To use the words of an old-timer in the

navy, "a raw landsman, so far as his im-

portance aboard ship is concerned, is

"eighteen pounds lighter than a strand of

caulking oakum." He is infinitely smaller

in degree than an apprentice boy of the

third class, for the latter is in the direct

line of promotion, with good conduct and

a fair modicum of brains, to the rank of

warrior, officer, lieutenant, and so on.

The apprentice, on the other hand, is a

penalty on the sailor's system. The apprentice

rests in his own hands, and the glit-

tering prospect always before the boy of

becoming at some future time a gentleman

of the quarter deck and a member of the

steering mess is a perpetual incentive to

his ambition.

No such roscaceous path can the landsman

black out for himself. Nominally, the lands-

man is also in line of promotion, to the rank

of warrant officer, but the frequency with

which men who have not served as ap-

prentices in the navy gain these prizes is

so small that it is hardly worth mention.

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going ship that in all likelihood is to be

the scene of his humiliations and glooms

during the coming three years. Recruits

are sent to the navy in a variety of ways

and are almost always sent in charge

of a recruiting officer, unless, of course, they

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man-of-war, but if the right stuff is in him

he has the eventual chance of attaining a

position of honor, which in remuneration

and dignity he would probably strive for in

his ashore.

WHY SHE WAS ANGRY.

The Street Lady's Experience With a Penny-in-the-Slot Machine.

From the Boston Globe.

It was noon at a quick-lunch restaurant,

and nearly every place was occupied by a

hungry individual, when a stout lady en-

tered. The only spot she saw vacant was